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BONAPARTE AND JOSEPHINE.

So much has first and last been written about Bonaparte, that it might seem as if nothing more could be said. Yet, there was something wanting. It was an account of his private habits and character, written from personal knowledge. This information has at length been furnished in the *Memoirs of Madame de Remusat*, a work in the French language, but which has been translated into English by Mrs Cashel Hoey and Mr John Lillie, and is now issued from the press in two octavo volumes. We have had the pleasure of its perusal, and may confidently say that besides being of considerable historical value, it forms an acceptable addition to entertaining biographic literature. The writer, Madame de Remusat, had the best opportunities for observation, and she was a good observer. She occupied the position of Lady-in-Waiting to Josephine, Bonaparte's first wife; while M. de Remusat was Prefect of the Palace, which gave him a general superintendence of the court in its domestic relations.

As a preliminary, it may be advantageous to give some little account of Josephine, on whom interest is very naturally concentrated. She was born 23d June 1763, in Martinique, a French colonial possession in the West Indies, where her father, Tacher de la Pagerie, was captain of the port of St Pierre. Josephine de la Pagerie had only an indifferent colonial education; but her amiability and beauty won universal regard. When about fifteen years of age, she came to France, and soon after was married to Alexandre, Viscount de Beauharnais, of which marriage there were two children, Eugene and Hortense. Beauharnais, her husband, like many of the French aristocracy, was condemned and beheaded during the Reign of Terror, 1794. Josephine nearly suffered the same fate. She was seized, and committed to the Conciergerie, and only escaped death by the fall of Robespierre. Alison in his 'History of Europe' mentions a strange circumstance, which he asserts to be on good authority, concerning Josephine. It is to the

effect that while she was a girl in the West Indies, an old negress prophesied that she should lose her first husband and be extremely unfortunate, but should afterwards be greater than a queen. The recollection of this sustained her hopes while in the Conciergerie; and she told the ladies, her unfortunate companions in captivity, that some day on rising to her good fortune she would name them as her maids of honour. The prophecy of the old negress came true; but of course it was no more than a lucky coincidence.

On occasion of the general disarming of the inhabitants of Paris, the sword of Beauharnais, who had served as a general in the army, was taken from the family. Soon afterwards, Eugene de Beauharnais, a boy of ten years of age, waited on Bonaparte, to request that his father's sword should be restored to him. Bonaparte was so much pleased with his appearance, that he not only returned the sword, but paid a visit to the boy's mother, the Countess Josephine de Beauharnais. Bonaparte was charmed with the Countess and her stories of the court at Versailles, where her husband, one of the handsomest men and best dancer of his age, had frequently had the honour of dancing with Marie Antoinette. This casual acquaintance with Bonaparte ripened into an intimacy. Josephine was so much interested in his history and appearance, that she exerted herself to facilitate his promotion to be the general in command of the Army of Italy, and she was married to him on the 9th March 1796. As Bonaparte's remarkable victories in Italy were the means of getting him appointed First Consul, Josephine's intercessions in his favour laid the foundations of his fortune.

It was shortly after Bonaparte was put at the helm of affairs as First Consul, that Madame de Remusat, at twenty-three years of age, entered court-life and became a confidential companion of Josephine, and further had the advantage of being intimate with Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, also of being placed in constant communication with Napoleon's brothers

and sisters, and of Josephine's daughter, Hortense. From time to time she took notes of what she saw, and these, along with some other records, she retained after the fall of Napoleon in 1814. On his unforeseen return from Elba, she became apprehensive that her house would be searched, and without further reflection threw the manuscripts in the fire. This needless act was bitterly regretted. She could only draw upon her remembrance for the past, and write her recollections, in which she was wonderfully successful, for she possessed a more than usually tenacious memory. At her decease in 1821, her papers were bequeathed to her son, who, not being able to attend to their publication, left them to his son, M. Paul de Remusat, who now edits and brings them forth as a tribute to the memory of his grandmother. Such is briefly the history of these interesting Memoirs, to which we give a glance, with a view to stimulate public interest in the work.

Madame begins by describing Bonaparte as being of a moody contemplative disposition; he was fond of reverie, of twilight, of melancholy music, of the moaning of the sea, of the rhapsodies of Ossian. He was always meditating, planning, thinking. He cared nothing for the ordinary polite rules and manners in society. He went awkwardly out of or into a room. 'With great difficulty, he had acquired the art of shaving himself.' M. de Remusat induced him to undertake this task, on seeing that he was uneasy under the hands of a barber. In ceremonial processions within the palace, he hurried on, to the discomposure of all before and behind; and especially to the ladies, who, to preserve order, required to carry their trains over their arm.

In character, he was above all intensely selfish. His will was to be the universal law. He considered himself entitled to do what he liked, and how he liked. Moral principle was a chimera. 'He did not value sincerity, and he did not hesitate to say that he recognised the superiority of a man by the greater or less dexterity with which he practised the art of lying.' 'M. de Metternich,' he added, 'approaches being a statesman—he lies very well.' One day he said to Talleyrand: 'There is nothing really noble or base in this world; I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power, and to deceive those who think they know me.' As he was devoid of principle himself, so he believed every one to be the same. All good actions, so called, were in his opinion tricks to cover some selfish design. In his egotistic monologues, he was fond of being attentively listened to. 'Like an actor who becomes excited by the effect he produces, Bonaparte enjoyed the admiration he watched for closely in the face of his audience.' Having attained power by his military promptitude in suppressing revolutionary excesses, he made no attempt to create durable institutions independently of himself. On the contrary, his sole aim was to exalt his own name, forgetting after all that he was but a perishable being. We learn that 'On starting for his first campaign in Italy, he said to a friend who was editor of a newspaper: "Recollect, in your accounts of our victories, to speak of *me*, always of *me*. Do you understand?" This "*me*" was the ceaseless cry

of purely egotistical ambition. "Quote me, sing, praise, and paint me," he would say to orators, to musicians, to poets, and to painters, "I will buy you at your own price, but you must all be purchased." In other words, he placed his main reliance on being puffed.

Bonaparte, says Madame de Remusat, was simple in his dress, and 'could not endure the wearing of ornaments; the slightest constraint was insupportable to him. He would tear off or break anything that gave him the least annoyance, and the poor valet who had occasioned him a passing inconvenience would receive violent proofs of his anger.' His impatience was conspicuous in the most trifling circumstances. If displeased with any garment, he would burst into a passion, and throw it on the ground or into the fire. He would not even take time to have a fire mended in the usual way. When it burned low, he stamped on it with his feet. This bad habit cost him many pairs of boots and shoes. He could brook no opposition or contradiction in argument. The attempt to shew that he was wrong in anything he had done, threw him into a rage. He closed all remonstrance with *Je le veux* (I will it). That was his favourite phrase. Madame de Remusat says that, 'when the Emperor uttered that irrevocable *Je le veux*, the words echoed through the whole palace.' What he did or said was right, and it would have been at their peril for any one to object. With a temper so imperious, he held all about him in awe. Josephine had serious grounds for complaining of his depravities, but she could only remonstrate with her tears.

Bonaparte's treatment of his wife was indeed truly scandalous. As has been seen, when he was poor and comparatively unknown, she so successfully exerted her interest that he was employed to take the command of the Army of Italy, which was the beginning of his good fortune. As a young and beautiful widow, with two children, and moving in the first circles, she married him. In every point of view, he owed her a debt of gratitude. How mortifying then, to find by conclusive proofs, as narrated by Madame de Remusat, that she had to complain of his misconduct, and to have her remonstrative tears answered with bursts of rage and the eternal *Je le veux*. Had Josephine not been a singularly amiable being, there must have been a domestic explosion, greatly to the discredit of Bonaparte.

Madame de Remusat's description of Josephine and her struggles to endure and hide Bonaparte's indignities is, we think, the most interesting part of the two volumes. Some of the passages are very touching. Bonaparte appears to have had a contempt for women. He viewed them as a kind of inferior animals, not worth reasoning with. Paint, lace, jewellery, and fine dresses would be sufficient to keep them in good-humour. It is to be owned that Josephine's intellect was not of a high order. Madame de Remusat says she was frivolous, and never took up a book or a pen; but 'she was aware of her deficiencies, and never made blunders in conversation...' She was deficient in depth of feeling and elevation of mind. She preferred to charm her husband by her beauty, rather than by the influence of certain virtues... She feared him, and allowed him to dictate to her in everything.' When Josephine became Empress, her extravagance in dress and

other outlays went beyond all bounds. 'She had a personal allowance of six hundred thousand francs, and every year she was deeply in debt.' She was the ready prey of tradespeople. 'Diamonds, jewellery, shawls, stuffs, and finery of every kind were continually being brought to her; she bought everything, never asking the price, and for the most part forgetting what she had purchased.' Her dress was magnificent. She changed every article three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings twice... She possessed from three to four hundred shawls; she sometimes had them made into gowns, or bed-quilts, or cushions for her dogs. I have known her give eight, ten, or twelve thousand francs for a shawl.' A thousand francs are equal to forty pounds; a twelve thousand franc shawl would therefore cost four hundred and eighty pounds. Though extravagant, she was exceedingly tasteful in all she wore. She studied her appearance to the minutest particular, and so far she was right. Some ladies by thinking only of fashion spoil their figure, and render themselves ridiculous. Bonaparte used to observe that 'Josephine was grace personified.' Madame de Remusat says that her love of dress never passed away. It survived her divorce and retirement from public life. 'She breathed her last sigh attired in pink satin, with ribbons of the same colour.'

Josephine laboured under the misfortune of having no children to Bonaparte. Here was a source of frequent bickering. Dispeace on this score was aggravated by the envy and jealousies of Bonaparte's brothers and sisters, more particularly of his brother Louis, who was married to Hortense, Josephine's daughter, and of Madame Murat, one of his sisters. Having no family of his own, Bonaparte looked upon the infant Napoleon, son of Louis, as his natural heir. He was quite entitled to do so if he thought proper; but Louis complained that he was passed over; and other members of the clan Bonaparte were equally indignant. In fact, as we learn from the present work, Bonaparte was tortured by his brothers and sisters. He had been the making of every one of them. They would never have been heard of but for him. After becoming Emperor, he, in the plenitude of his power, made some of them kings. But nothing satisfied them. They were all squabbling about what should fall to their share. Louis openly threatened that if he was passed over in favour of his son, he would quit France, and push on for himself. One almost pities Bonaparte. He remarked, that if he had to begin over again, he would dismiss his brothers and sisters on some pecuniary allowance, and give himself no further trouble about them. In these views, men who happen to have promoted the fortunes of brothers and their descendants, and got no thanks but rather ill-usage for their pains, will doubtless sympathise.

Disconcerted at having no children, but truthful that a suitable heir would cast up, Bonaparte suggested to his Council of State that he should be asked to be raised from the life Consulship to be hereditary Emperor. This was accomplished in 1804. In his own account of the affair, he left out any reference to the suggestions to the Council. He said: 'I found the crown of France in the dirt, and picked it up with the point of my sword.'

Madame de Remusat describes the magnificent display at the coronation. To this assumption of Imperialism the people at large made no objection. They were so much afraid that the Republic might revert to a state of Anarchy and Terror, that they gladly consented to a Despotism, which, though reducing them to the condition of slaves, at least kept their heads on their shoulders. Anything not to bring back the guillotine! Then, was superadded the pleasure of military glory with a series of conquests which laid nation after nation at the feet of France. There arose intoxicating visions of Paris becoming the metropolis of the whole earth, and of all the Kings, Princes, Electors, and what not coming to bow down before the great Emperor at the Tuilleries. Such were the brilliant expectations formed in France from 1806 to 1809.

When the court was at Fontainebleau in 1807, hunting took place on certain fixed days. Each lady who attended was required to wear a peculiar costume, and in making her selection she was assisted by Leroy, the famous costumier. This afforded Josephine a fresh opportunity for exhibiting her taste. She wore a dress of 'amaranth velvet embroidered with gold, with a *toque* also embroidered in gold, and a plume of white feathers. All the ladies-in-waiting wore amaranth. Queen Hortense (wife of Louis Bonaparte) chose blue and silver; Madame Murat, pink and silver; Princess Borghese, lilac and silver. The dress was a sort of tunic, or short *redingote*, in velvet, worn over a gown of embroidered white satin; velvet boots to match the dress, and a *toque* with a white plume. The Emperor wore a green coat, with gold or silver lace.' The display on setting out on horseback for the chase through the glades of the forest was picturesque and magnificent. About this time, Bonaparte took a fancy for driving a *calèche*; but he drove badly, being too impetuous. In attempting to drive a four-in-hand, he turned awkwardly through a gateway and upset the vehicle. He escaped with a sprained wrist, and fortunately no other persons were injured.

At the summit of his glory, after the victories of Austerlitz and Jena, Bonaparte, without being aware of the fact, entered on his downward career. His first and most prodigious mistake was issuing Decrees designed to ruin England, by excluding British merchandise from all continental ports. This fatal step, from one thing to another, led to his final overthrow; for it was a quarrel on this point that produced the Russian campaign, after which the descent was marked and disastrous. Another of his errors which produced painful emotions in France was his divorce of Josephine. On this latter subject, Madame de Remusat has a good deal to say. She tells us that for several years the project of a divorce had been talked over at court. Bonaparte, in as delicate a way as possible, had occasionally hinted of such a measure to his wife, always dwelling on the importance of his leaving a direct heir to the throne. With all her weakness of character, Josephine shewed considerable tact in meeting his observations. She did not try to argue with him. In a calm and dignified tone, 'she assured him that she would obey his orders, but that she would never anticipate them.' The meaning of this was, that she might be turned out of doors, but would not go

of her own accord. She was his wife, and had in all cases done her duty.

In private conversations, Madame de Remusat, as her oldest and confidential Lady-in-Waiting, assured the Empress that she would loyally follow her in her exile from court; and she did so. The decree of divorce was issued by the Senate 16th December 1809. M. de Remusat retained his official position at the court. We are not furnished with any particulars of the transaction. No doubt, there were many tears, on quitting the Tuilleries, and taking up her residence at Malmaison. For his pushing forward the divorce precisely at this time, Napoleon had a sufficient reason. He had been victorious over the Austrians at Wagram, and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, was ready to become Empress. The marriage took place April 1, 1810. We do not hear that Josephine repined in her forced retirement. She corresponded with the Emperor, rejoiced in his successes, mourned his misfortunes, and with a good state allowance, was ever treated as an Empress. When Bonaparte was exiled to Elba in 1814, she, like a faithful and forgiving wife, begged to be allowed to accompany him—his second wife with her infant son having already returned to Vienna. The request was not granted by the allies. Josephine died shortly afterwards, near Evreux, 29th May 1814.

With all his rudeness of manner and coarse habits, Bonaparte is admitted by Madame de Remusat to have been a man of commanding intellect. What he did for France ought not to be forgotten. He stamped out the Revolutionary frenzy, and established social order. He arrested the progress towards barbarism, by reintroducing education and religious worship, and giving encouragement to science and art. He abolished the absurd Revolutionary calendar, and re-instituted the calendar dating from the Christian era. For a chaos of ancient and unintelligible laws, he gave the country the Civil and Criminal Code, which is now in use in some other continental nations besides France. This is considered his greatest work. It has survived the disappearance of his dynasty. His attempt to secure a direct heir to his name and power by the divorcing of Josephine, proved a failure. The son of Marie Louise, who was taken to Austria by his mother, died young. The tomb of this blameless youth, the abortively designate Napoleon II., may be seen in the form of a metal sarcophagus, in the imperial burial-vault at Vienna. How the son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense assumed the government of France as Napoleon III., and how he lost it and died in exile in England, need not be told. Nor is it necessary to do more than allude to his son, the unfortunate Prince Imperial, the best, as it seems to us, of his race, and whose sad fate, in being killed by savages, has been universally lamented.

There is some satisfaction in knowing that the death of the Prince Imperial did not blot out the lineage of his great-grandmother, Josephine. Her son, Eugene de Beauharnais, an estimable man and brave soldier, who pursued an adventurous career under his step-father, Bonaparte, died in 1824, leaving several daughters, who were married to royal personages, and whose descendants still survive. The amiable and beauteous Josephine is

now represented in blood-relationship in various courts of Europe.

What a romance in real life, and within living memory, was the whole of that strange affair of Bonaparte and Josephine! The wonder is that it has not formed the subject of an historical drama in the manner of Corneille or Shakspeare.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XX.—HISTORY.

'Does dog eat dog in your part of the country?'

A VOICE had sounded in half-conscious ears for such ages of time, that when it broke upon the light slumbers of receding fever, it seemed altogether familiar. Yet the room in which the half-awakened man found himself was strange to him. The walls were whitewashed, and hung with cheap prints of Scripture subjects. From one of the rafters in the low ceiling hung a dried and withered scrap of mistletoe, and bits of dead holly were stuck about the pictures on the walls. It was night-time, and there was a red flicker of fire-light on the walls and roof, on which these objects reeled before his eyes. An eight-day clock ticked with slow remorseless monitory sound behind him. The voice talked on, and the sick man still half drowsing, listened to it with a dim sense of wonder. Whose was the voice, and where had he heard it before? It had no associations for him. Yes; it asked him to drink long since, and came with the hands that smoothed his pillow, an hour or a year ago—which was it?—calling him 'Poor creature' with a pitiful accent. Another voice broke in, gruff and bassoon-like, and the sick man became broad awake. There were two people seated at the fireside before him, a man and a woman. The man's body was turned to him; but he could see the woman's face. A good face and a kindly, with a widow's cap round it, and smooth bands of gray hair below the white border. She was looking at the fire whilst her companion spoke. The man's accent was quaint, and here and there the listener lost a word, but the meaning was plain enough.

'The poor creetur,' said the man, 'might ha' done summat wrong for aught as we knowin'; an' if he's a-runnin' away from the police, it wouldn't be a nice thing for we to gie' him up, do yo see?'

'I can't help thinkin', Robert,' said the woman, with her eyes upon the fire, 'as we ought to tell 'em as he's here. Becos you see, if his poor mother misses him—think o' that! What should I do, if yo was to goo a-wanderin' about the country, as he's a-doin', poor thing?'

'Yis,' returned the man; 'that's right enough. But s'posin' as I was to goo an' fetch the parson, an' let him see him, now he's gettin' better. Yo see, mother, it een't our business to gie' folks up to the police, specially when they've been a-lyin' in our house for three we'ks at a time. It wouldn't seem fair, like.'

'Praps it'll be better to fetch the parson to him, as yo sayin', Robert,' the woman returned. 'An' praps it'll be better to wait a day or two till he gits a bit stronger.'

'He een't well yet,' said the man, rising as he spoke and crossing over to the bed. The patient

closed his eyes and feigned sleep. His heart beat wildly. It was impossible that he should submit to the benevolent plot these people were laying for his welfare. But was it possible that he could escape? Could he muster strength enough to walk, before the day or two's respite the woman proposed had expired? For he knew that he was terribly weak, and that he had been a long time ill. The resolve grew up desperately in his heart, and he said within himself that he *would* be strong enough to escape, and that, whether he lived or died, he would take the first chance of flight.

The man bent above him and listened to the breathing of the patient. The patient knowing this, controlled himself, breathing regularly and softly.

'He's havin' a nice sleep,' said the gruff voice. 'Yo go to bed, mother, an' I'll sit up wi' him for an hour or two, an' see if he wants anythin'.'

The mother kissed her son and bade him good-night. The patient heard her ascend the uncarpeted stair, and listened to her feet as they went to and fro in the room above until silence came again, broken only by the ticking of the clock, the occasional noise of ashes falling from the fire, and the shuffle of the watcher's heavy boots. After a dreary time the clock began a faint and dismal gurgle, indicative of a sleepy desire to strike the hour. This passed away, and came again, and passed away again, and at last the clock wheezed and tinkled eleven. The watcher arose and went out at the door, returning almost immediately with a great lump of coal, which he placed upon the fire. Having banked this all around with ashes, he made fast the door, took off his boots, and went silently up-stairs, pausing on the first stair to look back at his patient, and then closing the stair-door behind him.

The sick man lay in almost breathless silence and listened until the last movement in the house was still. Then with great pain and difficulty, he dragged himself into a sitting posture. Once as he struggled, the bed creaked loudly, and he lay down again, and made shift to pull the clothes about him, fearful lest his attempt should be discovered. He lay there sweating and panting for a while, and the clock behind ticked threats at him. The room was dark, and the shadowy corners held vague terrors. Suddenly a great tongue of flame darted through the bank of ashes, and made those recesses visible. Some of the ashes dropped into the fender, and the sudden noise sent another pang of fear to his heart. The flame broadened, and a ruddy glow played hide-and-seek with the shadows. The glow gathered strength, and the shadows faded until the room was light enough to read in. With painful slowness the sick man wrestled himself out of bed, and walked totteringly to where a few rough garments lay thrown across a chair. They were a heavy burden to him as he went back to the bed. One by one, with great difficulty he put on these garments, pausing often to rest meanwhile, and panting heavily. Suddenly he looked at his hands, as if for the first time missing something. Searching the pockets of the rough clothes he had assumed, he found wrapped in paper several rings, which glistened in the fire-light. One of these he kissed passionately, whilst tears chased each other down his face. After a pause he put them back again, and drew from another pocket a watch and chain and a purse.

For some time he regarded these thoughtfully, then returning the purse to his pocket, he took out a pocket-book, and wrote in it by the firelight, in a hand as shaky as that of Guy Fawkes after the rack, these words: 'Thank you. Keep this for your trouble.' He tore the leaf from the book, and laying it on the table, placed the watch and chain upon it. As he tottered back towards the bed, the flame which had hitherto lighted him shrank suddenly, and in the darkness he lurched against a chair, which jarred and scraped along the quarried floor. He listened for a full minute in an agony of apprehension; but no other sound following, he went feeling his way with his feet inch by inch along the floor until he found the bed again. All this time bodily pains racked him until he could have cried aloud. The flame rose again, and once more the little room was filled with broad light. He made search for hat and boots, and after some little trouble, found those belonging to himself. Boots in hand he made for the door, carefully and quietly loosed the primitive fastening, and in another moment was out in the night. A distant church clock chimed the half-hour as the first cool breath of the open touched his forehead. He pulled the door close again, fixed the hasp, drew on his boots, and stole cautiously away. Every movement cost him an inexpressible pang; but he went doggedly on, not caring whither, so that the road led him from discovery. The full moon hung pale and watery amongst ragged clouds, and lent a faint light to his steps. All the low-lying sky to east and west and north and south was aglow with the colour of molten metal, and he was belted round with fires that leaped with flickering tongues towards that sullen and lurid heaven. As he dragged his miserable body along, memory was busy with him; though how he had come to the house in which he had found himself but a few hours ago, and who were the people who had nursed him in his illness, he neither knew nor cared. His bodily pains gave his mind no ease, now that memory was once more awakened; but his heart was moved to pity for his father and his lover rather than for himself; for he said, sitting in judgment upon himself, that these things which he endured were for him but a slight penalty. And so, in agony of body and grief of heart and remorse of soul unspeakable, he went his way.

It was an hour after midnight when he paused before a pair of great gates of iron, and glancing through the bars, beheld a scene which looked as though it were translated clean from Pandemonium. In the glow of great fires, beneath low-pitched sheds open on all sides to the night, half-naked men toiled in the swink and sweat of a labour the like of which he had never seen. In the dusky light and half-opaque yet gleaming shadow of the place, the bare bodies shone like red-hot bronze. Out of one of the furnaces was drawn an enormous 'bloom,' which cast an almost insupportable light and heat to where he stood; and this being swung beneath a Nasmyth hammer, the ponderous weight crashed down upon it, and drove myriads of sparkles into the night. 'What a picture!' thought the wanderer outside, 'if one could only paint it; and for just a minute he went free of sorrow, and thought of nothing but the sight before him. The air was warm, and comforting to his sore limbs. He was weaker than he

knew, and as he stood there he felt his knees fail him, and with his hands upon the bars of the gate he slid helplessly down. A little door in the projecting wall beside the gate opened, and a man came out.

'Hello, mate!' said the man gruffly; 'what's the matter wi' yo?'

Frank turned his hollow eyes and his pale face upon him. 'Can I go inside and sit down a little?' he asked. 'I am very weak and tired.' 'Yo look it,' the man made answer, not unkindly. 'Why, ya am as cold's death. Here; let me get my arm under thee. Now then; come along.' He helped the wayfarer into a sort of rough office, where a fire blazed brightly upon the hearth, and set him in an arm-chair before it.

'What's the matter, mate?' he asked.

'I have been ill,' Frank made answer; 'and I— I have lost my way.'

'Which way are yo gooin'?' the man asked again.

'To Liverpool,' Frank made answer, faintly.

'All right,' said the man, poking the glowing fire with a rough bar of iron. 'There's one of our boats gooin' on as fur as 'Hampton if the mornin', an' yo can get a lift on that.' He settled the wanderer in the chair much as he would have handled a child, and added: 'Now, yo go to sleep ther; an' when it's time to start, I'll come an' wake thee.'

Before the kindly foreman had well gone, Frank was asleep. He slept until the gray light of morning crept through the dingy window of the office; and would have slept on still, but that the foreman returned and shook him by the shoulder, saying that the boat was ready. He rose and followed his guide, who led him along a path paved with crackling sheet-iron, and lined on one side by furnaces, and on the other by cumbrous machinery. A sudden turn to the right brought them to a canal, where a boat, laden with iron bars, was ready to start upon its journey.

'Here he is, Jim!' shouted the foreman to a rough-looking fellow on the far side of the canal. 'Jump down,' he added to Frank; 'they're ready to go.'

Frank drew a shilling from his pocket and offered it to the foreman. The man drew back with an offended air.

'Does dog eat dog in your part of the country?' he asked.

'I beg your pardon,' Frank said meekly; 'I am very much obliged to you. Good-day.' He held out his hand without the shilling. The man shook hands with him surly, watched him as he stumbled awkwardly and painfully into the boat, and turned away. The boatman called to the four sturdy horses, who stood with each his nose buried in a tin of provender suspended from his head-gear. Frank sat upon the roof of the cabin; and the boat glided through the vile water, past wharfs piled high with coal in solid squares—past fleets of boats laden with coal and bricks and timber, and iron in every form, and harmless uncharged shells awaiting the order for the arsenal—past furnaces whose roar made the air tremulous, and huge steam-hammers, the noise of whose falling came with a shock upon the air like the discharge of siege-artillery—then past great spaces of waste land with dismal pools of weedy water festering in them, and here and there

a dejected leafless tree, whose barren branches drooping seemed to mourn their own decay—past long lines of chimney-stacks, whose volleying clouds insulted and obscured the heavens—past the clanking noise and rancid steam of colliery engines; and all the while, as the foul water gurgled at the bows, and slipped greasily along the side of the boat, the watcher saw these things, and did not see them, for his mournful self-accusing thoughts were far away. As he sat thus, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and turning round, he saw a pleasant-looking brown-faced woman, who proffered him a cup of tea.

'It'll do you good, master,' she said kindly; 'an' I've put a drop o' whisky in it, as'll warm thee up a bit.'

He took it gratefully; and the woman nodding at him with a cheerful smile, went back over the roof of the cabin and into her small house below. The tea was a mere excuse for hot grog, as Frank discovered on tasting it. But it sent warmth through his starven frame and comforted him. He set the cup down after emptying it, and sleep came upon him again. When he awoke, he found himself snug and warm beneath a blanket and a heavy tarpaulin. He heard the rain pattering without upon it, and lay still. 'If these people knew,' he thought, scarcely daring to give his terrible reflection even a mental form, 'that they were harbouring a highway robber and a murderer, how they would shrink from me!'

But my reader will know that these thoughts were always with him in his wanderings, and I will not weaken my story by driving repetition into the region of commonplaces. It is enough to know that such a man had fallen to such a crime. Every instinct in him revolted from himself, and stood there in passionate hatred and detestation of his crime. Every fibre of his soul thrilled with intense desire after an impossible revolution. When the Psalmist cries, 'The pains of hell got hold upon me,' be sure that the pangs which racked him were the bitter fruit of his own remorse. In the one hell which mercy has made possible for the human soul, the criminal lives in companionship with his own crime, and loathes it with an inexpressible loathing.

Wolverhampton was reached at last, and Frank's offer of payment was again rebuffed. He bade those who had entertained him good-bye, and crawled up the wharf into a dirty and narrow street in the rear. Along this he walked feebly, and found by-and-by a strange object at his side keeping pace with him. It was a man apparently about fifty years of age, bent and gnarled and grizzled almost out of human seeming. A black patch obscured his left eye, his hands were yellow and claw-like and dirty, his clothes were a heterogeneous jumble. Half a sack with three holes in it—one for the head and one for each arm—served as a coat. The sleeves had served a broadcloth garment once, and in the breaches of their shaky junction with the sacking shewed the man's bare skin. His feet were shoeless, but wrapped in fold on fold of rags, so that his steps fell noiselessly on the muddy pathway. Torn corduroy trousers much too large for him, and a silk hat which would better have become a dunghill than a human head, completed his attire. A bristly beard and moustache of dirty white stood in uncompromising straightness from lip and cheek

and chin, a full inch long, without the symptom of a curl.

'On the road, young man?' said this apparition. 'So am I. You don't seem to get along in a very lively way.—No answer? Well, companion, you may be a swell in your own line, and you may be as lofty as you like with me. I'm used to meeting lofty people. I was lofty myself once. Got a bit o' bacca?—No? Then I shall be compelled to use my own. Have a pipe?—No again? Neither civility nor conversation. Perhaps you're a decent working-man, and don't care to be seen walking with a scarecrow. All right. Wait till we come to the end of the road, and I'll relieve you. But I'm fond of society; I always was. Society has been my ruin, I do assure you. I'm a monument erected by Providence to warn the whole human species against the wiles of their brothers and sisters. That's what's the matter with me, I do assure you.'

Frank stopped short. The man's insolent flippancy was intolerable to him.

'Choose your way,' he said with some faint reflection of his old manner, 'and I will choose another.'

'A gentleman!' cried the creature with a grating laugh. 'Buono giorno, excellenza! A swell, and nothing short of it. Au plaisir, monsieur. I was a swell myself once, but it's so long ago that I'm almost ashamed of the remembrance. Not quite ashamed, you know, because I'm hardened. Yes, my friend, I'm hardened—quite hardened, I do assure you.'

'Oblige me by choosing your way,' Frank answered. The old man leered up at him, laughing, filling his pipe meanwhile. Frank resumed his walk, not looking behind him. He came into a more populous street after a time, and looked about him for some humble place of refreshment into which he could venture without exciting surprise by his attire. He saw at length a cook-shop which seemed to belong to a rather better class than he had hoped to find in such a neighbourhood, and entering, sat down at an uncloth'd wooden table. A slipshod slatternly girl appeared before him and asked what he wanted. He ordered food; and she went away, returning by-and-by with a woman, who repeated the girl's inquiry.

'You don't look none of the most respectable,' said the woman, glancing at him scornfully. 'I should like to see the colour o' your money first.'

Frank drew out his purse, thinking he would have to change gold some time, and that he might as well change it here as elsewhere. What was to become of him when his slender store of money was gone, was a question which had not yet occurred to him. He drew a sovereign from his purse, and handed it to the woman, who bit it and rang it on the table, and then handed it to the girl, bidding her go for change. With an altered manner, she proceeded to lay a cloth upon the table, and after a time brought in a mutton chop and a cup of tea. These Frank despatched; and feeling little stronger, took his change, and went away again. He made no inquiries as to the road, but took that which lay before him. The day cleared as it grew older, and by noon the air felt warm and pleasant. He had often to rest by the wayside, and was so weak that he had not

made more than four miles when night began to fall. The lamps were already alight in the town he came to; and he felt more desolate and alone than ever as he entered the uninviting streets. A grating voice rose from near his elbow, and looking down, he saw the man who had addressed him in the morning.

'Well, my gay companion,' said the intrusive tramp, speaking past a short black pipe which he held between his teeth, 'how do you find yourself now? I can't say you're the best pedestrian I ever met with in my life. It's my belief, sir, that Captain Barclay would have beaten you off your legs. Where are you going to? Don't know the town, I'll bet a tanner. This is the town of Bilston, my eminent stroller; and I am a welcome and a well-known lodger at the best crib in the place. Come along; capital accommodation. The beds are threepence, and clean, for a wonder. Cooking gratis; but you do your own; and they won't keep *me* waiting for the frying-pan. This turning—third door to the right.' Saying this, he took Frank by the sleeve, and led him into a dismal entry, and through an open door into a large quarried kitchen, where two or three people sat talking round a great fire.

'Sit down there,' he said, in an undertone, forcing Frank to a seat on a bench. 'Nobody will notice you.—Hallo, mother! Got a couple of nice beds for two gentlemen-wanderers, eh?'

Frank was too weary and exhausted to resist, and was almost too weak to have a will in the matter at all. Why, he thought, should one place seem worse or better than another, now? After a little space of time, during which the man had bargained with the mistress of the place, and Frank had almost fallen asleep, he felt himself pulled gently by the sleeve. His unwelcome comrade whispered to him: 'I've paid for the beds, companion, and I'm cleaned out. Just lend me a shilling, and I'll get some grub, and make tea for both of us.'

Frank gave the man a shilling, inwardly resolving that he would take train to somewhere next day, and escape this fellow. The tramp went out; and returned with an ounce of tea and two ounces of sugar wrapped in separate screws of paper, a halfpennyworth of milk in a cracked and discoloured half-gallon jug, a loaf, and a rasher of bacon in a scrap of newspaper. Of the banquet prepared from these materials, Frank declined to partake, and the man in the sack made unto himself a plenteous feast. As the evening waned, the society in the kitchen thickened. Had Frank been less miserably circumstanced, the people amongst whom he sat would have been full of picturesque interest for him; but he only felt now the shame of mingling with them, and the deserved wretchedness of his own lot. He drowsed often in the course of the evening, and lost his surroundings and himself. He was awakened at last by the mistress of the place, who handed him a diminutive scrap of candle, which adhered by its own grease to a shard which had once been part of a willow-patterned plate. The old man led him up-stairs and pointed to his bed. It was one of a dozen in a large low-roofed barrack-like apartment. The thought of undressing in such a den was repugnant to every nerve in him. He drew off his boots, and lay down in the rough clothes he wore, and fell into the dreamless sleep of pure

fatigue. When he awoke in the morning he was alone ; and he left the house without speaking to any one, and took the way once more. Two or three hours later, he discovered that his purse was gone, and that his whole stock of money was represented by twenty-two shillings in silver.

THE VERNE CITADEL.

THE national song which complimentarily tells us that 'Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep—her march is o'er the mountain waves, her home is on the deep,' will require some modification. At this moment there is preparing a formidable bulwark, defiant of everything, on the south coast of England. It is a fortress or citadel of considerable dimensions, crowning the summit of a height in the small island of Portland on the coast of Dorsetshire. The height or hill is known as the Verne. In front of it are a breakwater and harbour, of which the fortress is designed to be the defence. So here, as may be said, are preparations on a considerable scale for any attempted hostility.

A stranger taking a trip westward from the Isle of Wight would be surprised at Verne Citadel, as it is called. Perhaps the most remarkable features of this stronghold are the enormous bomb-proof barracks, which are arranged to accommodate a war garrison of no fewer than ten thousand men. The barracks consist of large arched casemates or rooms, approached from the parade-ground—round two sides of which they stand—by doors, and are lighted by immense fan-lights. Doors also lead into a long corridor running at the back ; and as each room is fitted with two fireplaces, by putting up a central partition, two separate and commodious apartments can thus be obtained. The whole range is completely protected from the effect of bomb-shells by roofs of enormous thickness, constructed in the following ingenious manner : The arched roofs immediately covering the barrack-rooms are four feet thick of solid brickwork ; above this two feet of concrete, which is again protected by a stratum of one foot of asphalt. Over this is a layer of one foot thick of shingles ; and above all a depth of eight feet thick of solid earth, covered with neatly trimmed green turf. The magazines are roofed in the same manner—whilst the walls are of enormous thickness.

These buildings are nowhere visible from the outside, and therefore can only be assailed by vertical fire, from which, as we have shewn, they are completely protected. Damp is guarded against by raising the floors of the chambers several feet above the rocky ground, by which means ample storage-room is obtained ; and water is now laid on to almost all parts of the fortress from a spot about two miles to the south of the Verne, where a pumping-engine has been erected, and the water conveyed, by underground pipes, into several immense tanks in the citadel, each said to hold sixty thousand gallons. But besides this, there is

another vast tank cut in the rock beneath the parade-ground, and stated to be eighty feet long by fifty-six feet wide, and eighty feet deep, intended as a reserve, and only to be used in the event of a siege. Smaller tanks are also provided for rain-water ; and the whole are shot-proof. Whilst a gymnasium, racket-court, and bowling-alley have been provided for the healthy, the sick have been carefully remembered in the erection of a bomb-proof hospital for five hundred patients, with medical quarters and stores adjoining. In short, almost everything that care and forethought can suggest has been done to render the interior arrangements of this fine citadel as nearly perfect as possible ; four of the great necessities of life—namely, light, water, air, and drainage—having been specially cared for.

As the east and north-east faces of the citadel look out over the Roads and Harbour from the top of the perpendicular cliffs, they are to a great extent protected by nature ; but on the south-west side the Verne Hill falls abruptly, leaving a kind of long narrow valley, leading direct downwards to the West Bay, just above the village of Fortune's Well. To guard against a landing or assault on this side, a magnificent fort of thirty-six guns has been erected, which completely commands these slopes and the West Bay beyond. Besides this formidable battery, an ingeniously constructed stone parapet-wall runs along the summit of the cliffs, which is loopholed above and below ; so that a constant fire of rifles could be kept up in every direction over the sloping ground of the East Weir, immediately below, right on to the decks of any ships within range, whilst the riflemen would be protected from all but vertical fire.

The outside defences of this extensive fortress consist first of an enormous ditch, or artificial ravine, said to be the largest defensive work of the kind ever undertaken, being from seventy to one hundred and twenty feet deep, according to the irregularities of the ground above—for the bottom is one dead level throughout—with an average width of one hundred feet, and perpendicular scarp and counterscarp.

A somewhat curious geological fact may be here stated—namely, that in cutting this great fosse, at regular intervals of about thirty yards, commencing twenty feet below the surface, a series of vertical fissures or 'faults' about two feet wide, were discovered. These are supposed to penetrate to the lowest substrata of the island, and to traverse it completely from north to south. In these curious clefts, human bones, with those of wild-boars and the bones and horns of reindeer, have been found, *not fossilised*. Besides these, the bones of saurians, sharks' teeth, shells now only found in Asia, large ammonites of stone and copper, and even gold coins, British weapons, and Roman pottery, were brought to light. These long gaps have all been carefully filled in with solid masonry, so as to render the walls of the ditch smooth and even throughout.

This great fosse nearly surrounds the citadel, except on its north and east faces, where the inaccessible cliffs before referred to are quite defence enough ; but on the south and south-west, towards the land, it protects the fortress, by completely surrounding it on those two sides. Two

small entrances from the floor of the great ditch lead upwards on to the parade-ground, one from the west side, the other from the East Weir outworks. This latter reaches the ditch by a subterranean gallery, directly connecting it with those outworks. In each case the parade-ground is gained by long steep narrow ways cut in the rock, which are loopholed on all sides for rifles. Besides being loopholed for rifles, three small batteries of four or five guns each defend the interior of this mighty fosse, every part of which is thus completely commanded.

On the rocky sloping ground below the cliffs, called the East Weir, outworks, consisting of a series of open batteries, have been erected at different elevations of one hundred feet and upwards on the eastern side facing the Roads, but to the south, or outside the Breakwater. These batteries, five in number, are beautifully constructed of earth and stone, and carry from three to seven rifled guns each, whose long range would cover the approaches to the Breakwater and Harbour from the Channel.

The great Verne Citadel with its outworks—if all proposed are ever built—will constitute the whole of the defences of the harbour of refuge and Breakwater, at least as far as the isle is concerned; but the Breakwater itself is fortified by a small circular battery of five guns on its shorter arm which runs out from the shore; whilst an immense round fort has been reared at the outer termination of its longer arm, on a vast foundation, consisting of a hundred and forty thousand tons of rubble stone, ‘dropped’ from a staging into the sea, which is here twelve or thirteen fathoms deep. It is expected that the works here will greatly add to the defensive character of the place. The design is that every part of the harbour of refuge, as well as Weymouth Bay itself, would be commanded by guns on all points, and their cross-fire would render the position of hostile vessels inside the Breakwater quite untenable, always supposing the—very questionable—probability of such vessels getting there at all, by managing to run the gauntlet of the East Weir batteries, the Verne Citadel, and the Breakwater forts, the fire, in fact, of something like eighty heavy rifled guns at almost point-blank range—a very doubtful possibility indeed.

Portland Isle, from its peculiar situation midway up the English Channel, and nearly opposite to Cherbourg, is becoming in the eyes of military engineers a place of much strategical importance. It is believed that when the whole of the grand works are completed around the great Verne Citadel, and on and off the island, for the defence of the harbour of refuge and the naval dépôt of Portland, we may point to this ‘New Gibraltar’ as a fortress practically impregnable. Whether eventualities absolutely warrant these elaborate and costly defences, or whether defences anywhere of a fixed nature are desirable, are questions we would rather not go into. We remember the time when enormous sums were lavished in building martello towers along the coast of England and Scotland, which have proved utterly valueless; and this suggests by no means pleasant reflections concerning the stupendous affair at Portland. It strikes us, in a common-sense point of view, that if ever a hostile

invasion is attempted on the coast of Great Britain, it will not be where there are towns, guns, or citadels, but in wholly defenceless situations, where a landing could be effected.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

DURING the two following days I did not move abroad at all; truth to say, I was afraid to do so. I had several conversations with the Major about the advisability of calling in the aid of the local authorities; but he was very strongly opposed to this measure. He had pushed his investigations in the neighbourhood to some purpose, and he only wanted time to bring them to a successful termination. Police interference would spoil all. This view of things brought very little satisfaction to me in my present condition; but he advocated it so stoutly that, though puzzled, I felt compelled to give in.

The Major’s habits were very peculiar. During the day, he would move about the place with all the bearing of a distinguished veteran in Her Majesty’s service. When night came on, he, as true to the habits of barrack discipline, would retire early to his bedroom, which was situated in a wing of the castle. From his apartment, which was on the ground floor, a means of exit to the grounds was afforded by a private door, opening to a latchkey. The moment he had retired to his bedroom, the character and costume of Major would be laid aside, to be replaced by disguises of different kinds, as seemed most suitable for his purpose. The transformation effected, he would sally forth into the darkness; but whether he went or what he did, I knew not. From certain trampling upon the gravel-walk, which used to awake me from my uneasy slumbers at unmentionable hours, I came to the conclusion that he spent most of the night abroad. But his ‘Bohemian’ propensities stopped at that; and he always turned up for breakfast at nine o’clock with strict military precision, on the following morning.

The third day at length arrived, and found me still, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner in my own house. I did not neglect the revolver practice, as directed; indeed I had little else to occupy myself with. But much revolver practice is apt to become monotonous to most people; to me, situated as I was, it soon became absolutely disgusting. The fact is, my close confinement was gradually making me ill. I felt that I must venture out of doors, no matter at what risks. After all, it would make little difference whether I were slain on the open field, or met my death by slow degrees submitting to the horrors of a close siege. So, despite the warnings of Mr Carnegie and the gallant Major, I sallied out for a short stroll in the grounds, to breathe the fresh air that I needed so much. I had not forgotten to mount my coat of mail under my ordinary walking apparel; the Colt’s revolver I held in my coat-pocket ready for use at a moment’s notice; a brace of pistols I put away carefully in my breast-pocket, as a sort of reserve. My route was down a back avenue which ran parallel

to the wall of a kitchen-garden. Turning the corner of this wall, I came face to face with a man half-sitting, half-lying at the foot of a beech-tree. It was the strange tinker whom I had seen lying in O'Reilly's kitchen. The moment he saw me, he leaped to his feet; but I, holding the revolver to his head, told him calmly that if he moved another inch, or uttered a syllable till I gave him permission, I would shoot him like a dog. I feared he might have firearms himself, or armed accomplices not far off; but neither of these appearing, I ventured to cross-question him.

'Who are you?'

'I'm a tinker, sir—only a tinker, sir; that's all I am, sir, at all at all.'

'What's your business here?'

'O sir—I'm' [confusion]—'I'm lookin' fur a job of coarse, sir. The grove wos a short-cut, sir; an' wid respect, I med bould to take it, sir. An' I jist sot down awhile at the fut of this here three, to rest myself like; so I did, yer honner.'

'Where do you belong to?'

'Shure sir, I don't belong to no place in partic'lar; but I go about wheriver I can get a job. The likes of me must make a shift to live whatever way we can. Ye see I'm no scholard, like yourself, yer honner, an' I have to rough it.'

'Still, you have managed to learn a new language since I saw you last—in O'Reilly's kitchen three days ago. You could speak nothing but Irish then.'

'Shure, yer honner, that wos only business policy of mine. I niver spake Irish barrin' whin English wouldn't shoot; an' I could git twinty jobs in Irish fur the one I could git in English. An' I niver use the English talk barrin' whin I am spakin' to the quality. But Ireland fur the Irish, an' the Irish fur Ireland; an' shure yerself wouldn't spake agin that same.'

'Now, my fine fellow, the law only gives me the power to order you off the grounds this time; though you are here under very suspicious circumstances. But I may as well warn you—and your coadjutors as well—that if you are found within this demesne after this notice, without being able to give a better account of your business than you have just now done, I shall prosecute you with the utmost rigour of the law. So now be off; and thank your stars that you are able to do so with a sound carcass.'

'I'm off this mortal minnit. Good-bye to yer honner; an' I hope that the next time we meet, we'll be able to come to a better unherstandin', So saying, the rascal disappeared through the trees. Under the circumstances, I did not feel inclined to continue my walk any farther; so, turning on my heel, I sought the friendly shelter of the castle without delay.

I met the Major at dinner, and mentioned the recent adventure to him. He heard the details of it with provoking coolness; only suggesting to me that such dangers might be avoided by keeping within doors. This would be only for a few days at most; for he flattered himself that he had discovered a clue. But what prevented that I should not be shot meanwhile? Where were the grounds for believing that it would come out all right in the end, when I was not sure that even a good beginning had been made in the business? I began to lose faith in the Major.

Dinner over, the Major retired unusually early,

to resume his masquerading rambles, and I was left alone. The post came in, bringing a number of letters, including one from my wife. The sight of it reminded me that I had not written to her except once since my arrival. But what news had I to give her except bad news? My silence, however, was not the only thing calculated to make her uneasy. Inclosed in the letter, I found a clipping from the *Times* newspaper of the same date, giving a short notice of the recent eviction, the threatening letter, and the hamstringing of the cattle. The letter itself was full of pathetic appeals to me to come back at once before I was massacred by those Westmeath savages. Had I lost my regard for a loving wife, or for her helpless infants? It was not proper for me to peril my life any longer; it was foolhardy; it was positively sinful. I had done my duty faithfully hitherto; and the Earl could not but accept my resignation under the circumstances. As for herself, her life depended upon mine. So the letter ran.

'Bother take those penny-a-liners! Nothing can escape them. What a state they have left that poor woman in, to be sure!' thought I. She had learned facts—hard facts! How was I to gloss them over to her?

I turned to the other letters. Amongst these I found one marked 'Immediate' 'Most Important.' I opened it, and read as follows:

This is to warn you of your danger in regard of stoping in the countary any longer. I am a family man myself that gives you this Notiss, for I hear as how you have a wife and chilidren in England, and do not wish to draw down the curse of the Widow and Orphant on to my head, so wish to give you timely Warning of the same. No use to keep under cover no more, else Cassel Mahon will be Burnt over your Head. You were tryed, and Sentence of Death was brought in against you in a reglar sitting of the Lodge, and know that Eight (8) men was appointed to shoot you and the first man (1) failed in his purpose through his being a Stranger, and shot Mr Carnegie a good man's nephew which grives us all though no business to interfere in what did not consarn him. I am Number Two (2) and a Residenter. So no mistake this time, for I am bound to shoot you or to be shot myself. And if I fall there is Six (6) more to follow suit. So make up your mind that you can't escape from me as I am an Old Hand at the Work and have put down a good many landlords in my time. There is spies all round the house to watch your movements. Fly before it is too late.

(Signed) THE MAN THAT MUST SHOOT YOU.

Reader, put yourself in my place, and consider the proper course for me to pursue. Two threatening letters in succession—my cattle hamstring—the evicted rascal threatening me to my face—my guest-friend murderously attacked at a few paces from my own door—the whole country impanelled to try me for my life—eight desperadoes bound by the most solemn oaths to take it—ruffians lurking about the house with murderous intent—my health failing—my poor wife and children—Reader, what course was open to me, but to accept the friendly warning, and flee? Before another sun should set, I was resolved to bring matters to a crisis—one way or another.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the following day, I was much more easy in my mind than hitherto, owing perhaps to the prospect of a speedy release from my present misery. Since the hamstringing affair, I had not ventured down to see the cattle; so, without apprising any one of my intentions, I ventured out about noon to inspect them. The time was very suitable, and I considered that there was less risk in the open country than in the castle grounds. I reached Scallan's meadows all right; inspected the bullocks; and was in the act of regaining the road by which I had come, when I heard the sound of loud voices not far off. A little farther along the same road was situated the shebeen or public-house which had been pointed out to me as a favourite resort of the Ribbonmen in general, and of the evicted Scallan in particular. It was from this public-house that the noises in question were issuing, as of persons engaged in angry altercation. It did not seem to be a common drunken brawl. What with the vehemence of angry threats, and the earnestness of pathetic expostulations, it seemed nothing less than an affair of life and death. Pausing in the act of stepping into the road, I stood still and listened.

'Get out of my house, I say. I'll have none of your murdherin' work goin' on here. Settle yer scores outside; but I'm not goin' to loss my license for the downin' of a bailiff.'

'Och, for the love of mercy, Mr Connolly darlant, save me from them. Don't throw me out to be massacred on the hard road. Don't, Mr Connolly, as you hope for hiven; fur they're bint on me life.'

'Among you be it. Whatever you'll get, you can't say but you brought it on yourself, wid your meddlin' ways. Out you go!'

'Marciful hivens, the dure shut in me face! But shure, bhoys, it's not goin' to kill me, yez are, Shure, yez are only goin' to give me a batin'. Isn't that all, bhoys?'

'Sorra a bit of it. We'll make an example of you that'll be heard of all through Ireland—so we will.'

'Oh, murdher, murdher, bhoys! It's not fair-play, two agin one.'

'Don't touch him, Joss; I'll be able fur the spalpeen meself. May I swing fur it, if I don't settle him—the owdacious evictor of widows and orphans.'

There was not a moment to lose. With revolver in hand, I leaped into the road and ran to the rescue. My bailiff was engaged in a mortal struggle with the rascal Scallan, and apparently getting the worst of it, if I could judge from his earnest appeals for mercy. The irrepressible tinker stood by looking calmly on, whilst his fellow-conspirator was wreaking a cruel vengeance. Nobody else was visible, Mr Connolly the inn-keeper did not care to interfere in political questions. The noise I made by leaping into the road, diverted the attention of Scallan so far as to make him let go hold of his victim. Nor was the latter slow to avail himself of the diversion, but fled towards me, till he got within shelter of the friendly revolver. Then he sank at my feet exhausted. As for Scallan and the tinker, they fell back at their ease, and, entering into the court-yard of the public-house, disappeared from view.

'Donnelly, my poor fellow, what's the meaning of this?' I exclaimed.

'Och sir, the holy saints—sent you, Mr Wharton—this blissed day—to save me life,' answered Donnelly, panting for breath. 'They wor goin', sir—to massacree me—in could blood—on the king's highway! They thought they had med shure of me—this time, so they did—but your revolver scared them; so it did—the murdherers!'

'Let us pursue the rascals. I suppose you have got your pistols, eh?'

'Och, shure, I forgot them—left them behind me in the house. An', jist whin I want them, I haven't them.'

'Well, here are my own. Be quick, or the fellows will escape.'

'Och, Mr Wharton, fur hiven's sake, don't ax to follow them till we get help. Shure, you wouldn't be fur puttin' yer hand into the lion's mouth that way? If we dared to go down, we'd be champed to pieces, sir; fur the whole place is swarmin' wid Ribbonmin, so it is.'

'Well, let us go down to the police barracks at once; it isn't far off. Let us go down at once, I say, and put them in possession of the facts. It would be a positive crime to let those scoundrels escape.'

'No good, sir; they'll be in hidin' afore this, mebbe. They're ould hands at the work, Mr Wharton.'

'I observed them just now going quite leisurely into the public-house yard. If we let the police know at once, they will have a good chance of catching the rascals.'

'You may thry, sir; but I tell you, it's no use at all at all. As for meself, it's sick sore an' tired of the job I am, so I am. I'll go back home, an' not lave it till I lave it for good, wid respect to you, sir, an' no offence meant. An' shure, ye can't blame me, aither what ye seen wid yer own eyes the day.'

'My life is fully as precious as yours; but I am determined to have these ruffians brought to justice.'

'Let me lave the country clane work, Mr Wharton. Shure, three days ago, afore this happened, I was on for it; an' ye worn't for lettin' me, bekaise there wos a chance of things mendin' like.'

'I am just as tired of the whole business as you are; but those fellows I must have; that I am determined upon, at all hazards. If nothing comes of it, I shall resign my post as agent, without subjecting you or myself to any further peril. God knows that I have suffered enough to kill twenty men, since this unfortunate eviction was made.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

FIFTH PAPER.

LEAVING Brighton, my memories transport me to a far-distant and different town, Hanley in the Potteries. While there with the circus, I made the acquaintance of Mr Taylor Ashworth, Chairman of the Board of Guardians; and during our conversation one day, the question of a treat for the paupers was discussed between us. Mr Ashworth was much pleased with my proposition, but

he added: 'Stoke Union is a good three miles away from here, and the great majority of the paupers are either too young or too old to walk that distance. How can you get over *that*?'

It certainly was a drawback; but after thinking the matter over, I said: 'If I can provide a sufficient number of vehicles to convey them both ways, I presume I have your consent to go on with my arrangement?'

'Certainly,' replied Mr Ashworth. 'And after the performance is over, I will find them all something to eat and drink before they return to Stoke.'

As there were about seven hundred inmates, men, women, and children, to be provided for, I had imposed upon myself no slight task; and it was necessary to set about it at once and briskly too. I commenced my quest with those gentlemen who, I thought, would most readily consent to lend me their vehicles, and once having a good list of promises, I got along famously, the charitable object in view pleading powerfully for me. It was not long, therefore, before I was in possession of promises for an ample supply of broughams, landaus, phaetons, gigs, and open traps of all kinds from all the leading gentry of the district; among others, from Mr Lichfield, Mayor of Newcastle, and Dr Hayes, physician to the Duke of Sutherland. In addition to those thus obtained from private sources, we had omnibuses, cars, and cabs from the various owners of such vehicles. In each case, definite instructions were given as to the precise time at which the driver was to be at the doors of the workhouse.

The day arrived. At the appointed hour, an immense array of vehicles of every description blocked the road for a considerable distance right and left of the entrance; and it caused some trouble to reduce them into starting order. It was arranged that the children should go first, and the adults follow. The rear of the procession was closed by myself, riding in state with an old lady who had never seen the outside of the workhouse for twelve years, and whom the matron had confided specially to my care. Arrived at Hanley, I shall never forget the unexpected reception which greeted our procession. The entire population had turned out to meet us; and the cheers that burst from the dense crowds, as each vehicle passed by with its load of their poorer brethren, were such as it did one good to hear. The old lady who rode with me was particularly moved by the stirring scene; so full indeed was her heart with childlike pleasure and emotion, that, finding no readier way of expressing her gratitude, she must needs insist upon embracing me in the most demonstrative manner, before a delighted multitude of cheering spectators! Each juvenile upon passing into the building was presented with an orange and a bun; each adult received a packet of tobacco or snuff. Respecting the entertainment itself, nothing need be said, except that the delight of the children and the old 'folks' too was more than sufficient reward for all the trouble that had been taken.

After the performance was over, the entire body was marched into the town-hall, hard by, which had kindly been placed gratuitously at our disposal for the evening by the Mayor, Colonel Roden. Here the paupers found an abundant spread awaiting them: good rich cake and milk for the youngsters; bread and cheese and beer for

the old people—as much of each as they could eat or drink. For this glorious winding-up of their outing, the feasters were indebted to Mr Taylor Ashworth, who had displayed the greatest liberality and genial kindness of heart throughout. As the medley array of vehicles deposited the poor people once more at the workhouse gates, the day's treat was over. But the pleasant memories arising from it helped to cheer their sad and uneventful lot, and afforded to both young and old an unfailing topic of talk for months afterwards.

While at Hanley, I drove over to Trentham Hall, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, to ask his Lordship if he and the Duchess would honour our circus with a visit. With his usual condescension, the Duke received me very kindly; and in answer to my request informed me that they were expecting the Prince of Wales for a short visit in a few days' time; and not only promised that the Duchess and himself would attend, but stated that I might safely reckon upon the presence of his royal guest as well. This was indeed good news, and I returned elated with the successful result of my journey. Special arrangements were immediately commenced in order to do full honour to our august visitors. The decorations were overhauled, flags and banners placed in readiness, the 'Royal Box' prepared, and some very nice programmes printed in gold and blue and red upon a satin ground. Everything that we could do was done. The eventful day arrived; and in order to clinch the undertaking that the Duke had made me, it was arranged that we should follow his Royal Highness to the Hall, and obtain a confirmation of the promise that had been given in his name. A pair of horses were harnessed to an open carriage, in which Mr Newsome and I drove to the station. Arrived there, we found hundreds of vehicles, whose occupants, hearing of the expected arrival of the Prince, had gathered together from the district for miles round, to see and welcome him. Mr Newsome alighted and passed into the station, in order to learn at the earliest possible moment that the Prince had actually arrived; thus enabling us to take our place early in the long file of vehicles which would follow on to the Hall. The train steamed into the station; our expected guest stepped from the saloon carriage in which he had travelled; ringing cheers greeted him, and were heartily acknowledged; and then we all scrambled into line, and followed as well as the crush of carriages would permit. Arrived at the Hall, a card was sent up at the earliest opportunity, and we waited patiently for the response. Should any of my readers consider that we were a little too brisk and pressing in this affair, I would submit that nothing pleases the leading members of our royal family so much as promptness and alacrity in the arrangement or management of all matters in which they are personally concerned. 'Business before pleasure' is with them a guiding maxim; and to find others business-like around them, materially lightens the burden of the large share of public duty they are always so willing to perform. An answer was shortly sent down to us. The Duke was sorry to have to inform us that a telegraphic message, announcing that something of a very painful nature had happened to a member of the royal family, had reached the Hall

shortly before the Prince's arrival, and necessitated his immediate return to town.

We came back to Hanley oppressed with this painful news, though unaware of its nature. But soon the tidings of the catastrophe flashed with lightning speed throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the entire nation heard with an indignant thrill of the dastardly attempt upon the life of our Sailor Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh, during the visit he had made to our fellow-subjects on the distant shores of Australia.

Lord Lindsay, eldest son of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, resides, or did reside, at the beautiful estate of Haigh Hall, near Wigan. In the year 1868, when we had been in the town of Wigan some eight or ten weeks, we heard that Ludovic, Lord Lindsay's eldest son, would shortly attain his majority; and the people of the district were in high hopes that the celebration of the event would take place at Haigh Hall. In due time intelligence came to hand that it had been decided to hold the festivities there, and that preparations for the event on an elaborate scale had already been commenced. The details of the arrangements were soon known in the neighbourhood. We learned that the festivities would be held on three successive days—one for the peasantry and poorer tenants, one for farmers and shopkeepers, and the grand day of all for the nobility and gentry who were invited to take part in the proceedings. Jennisons, the well-known fashionable caterers of Manchester, were to find everything for the hundreds of guests, gentle and simple, with the one exception of butcher-meat; and this was forthcoming in unlimited quantities from the estate itself. Games of all kinds were provided; and illuminations, fireworks, and the various attractions and diversions appropriate to an occasion of this nature had been duly arranged.

We were also informed, among other items, that a former Lord Lindsay, a great lover of horse-racing, had constructed a capital racecourse in a part of the Park adjoining the Hall, well adapted for the purpose, and offering excellent positions for a large number of spectators. It at once occurred to me that if we obtained permission to hold an equestrian fête on the racecourse, it would furnish a very notable addition to the attractions already provided. Upon discussing this with Mr Newsome, the question arose, To whom should we apply? Lady Lindsay, we heard, had just arrived at the Hall, and we knew there was nothing like going to headquarters. But then we were fully aware that her Ladyship had given general instructions to the steward, and had left all arrangements in his hands. Now this same steward happened to be a frequent visitor to the *Victoria Hotel*, which being immediately opposite the circus, was a convenient house of call for myself and other members of the company. The steward being a most important man in these parts, and holding himself, as well as his office, in no slight esteem, looked down upon 'those circus people' with undisguised contempt—in other words, he snubbed us. Could we then expect much favour at his hands? We thought not, and decided not to give him the chance of refusing us. Putting a pair of spanking horses to the carriage, Mr Newsome and I started for the Hall, and requested the favour of an interview with Lady Lindsay. This being granted us, we preferred our request in

person, pointing out that we considered ourselves in a very good position to materially add to the attractions of the fête. Her Ladyship thanked us for our offered services; but regretted that, as the superintendence of everything had been left entirely to the steward, who had already made ample provision in the way of amusements, it would not be convenient for her, even if desirable, to interfere in any way with his arrangements. We hastened to assure her Ladyship that we did not presume to question the excellence or completeness of the steward's arrangements as far as they went. But it would be impossible for him to provide an entertainment at all approaching in character to what we could give, without incurring an outlay of two or three thousand pounds; whereas we, being on the spot with our entire company of picked performers and a numerous stud of trained horses, were well prepared to do justice to the occasion at a comparatively small cost. After further consideration, her Ladyship asked us what we could do for five hundred pounds; and together we sketched out a tempting programme, comprising flat-races, hurdle-races, Roman-car races, hippodrome performances, and a host of novel equestrian feats. Her Ladyship seemed pleased with the projected entertainment, and ultimately engaged our services for the principal day of the coming festivities.

At the appointed time we repaired with the full strength of our company to Haigh Hall, where we were most kindly received by the hero of the day, the young nobleman who had just attained his majority. Accompanying him were the butler and the head-groom, to take instructions respecting the bestowal of ourselves and our horses, and our bounteous treatment during the day. In effect he said, after Hamlet, 'Will you see the *riders* well bestowed?—Do you hear—let them be well used.' And certainly the young Master's injunctions were liberally observed; for while we ourselves were feasted upon the best of everything, our stud was also well stabled and cared for until the time for our departure came.

The day's sports passed off brilliantly—triumphantly, without a breakdown of any kind; and we had the satisfaction of being assured that our part of the proceedings was by no means the least appreciated by either host or guests. The Master owned to the unbounded pleasure he had experienced in witnessing our outdoor sports; and we afterwards received an autograph letter from Lady Lindsay, expressing the great satisfaction our performances had given her.

A curious practice had obtained in Wigan for some years, and its annual recurrence came round during our stay there. It was the custom of the entire population (or close upon it) to make a general holiday of one summer's day; and instead of spending their holiday and their money in their own town, all the good people cleared off by early morning train, lavishing their earnings at a distance, and returning to Wigan late in the evening, too late at all events to come to the circus.

My friend Mr Jonathan Hallam, landlord of *The Three Crowns*, in discussing the approaching festival with me, complained of the loss thus inflicted upon the trades-people of the town; indeed it touched his pocket, and his interests and ours were thus identical.

I said to my friend: 'We must not let them go?' 'That's all very fine,' replied Mr Hallam. 'But how are you going to keep them here?'

'We must try what can be done,' I answered; adding after a little reflection: 'I suppose you have various benefit societies in the town—Odd-fellows and the like?'

'O dear, yes; any quantity of them. There are Odd-fellows and Foresters and Shepherds, and trade societies of all sorts. What about them?'

'I'll tell you, Mr Hallam. These societies must take it into their heads to make a grand "walking-day" of the coming holiday; a monster procession must be organised; and Mr Newsome must be asked to allow his company to join in the procession with their horses and band; and then the town must be paraded with banners and flags and music; and I'll warrant you won't find many folks leave the town *that day*.'

Mr Hallam at once approved of the idea; and being a gentleman of considerable influence, and well known in the town, he set to work in the proper quarters to initiate the movement, and to make it public by means of advertisements and placards.

On the appointed day, the streets of Wigan began at an early hour to assume a decided holiday aspect; but it was at first uncertain whether the bulk of the pleasure-seekers were bent upon wandering forth, as in other years, to spend their holiday in other towns, or staying at home to witness the unwonted scene of the grand procession. But as the day wore on, a universal bustle was observable about the streets; men with a coloured rosette in their button-hole, or otherwise 'dressed in a little brief authority,' were hurrying to and fro, full of the importance of the occasion; while the rank and file of the different societies soon commenced to troop steadily from various parts of the town towards the spot at which the procession was to form into line. Then the crowds of holiday people began to throng the streets through which we were to march; and by the time fixed for the start, it was abundantly evident not only that Wigan had stayed at home to a man, but that hundreds, perhaps thousands of visitors had poured into the town from the whole neighbouring district. The procession started, and perambulated the thoroughfares as arranged beforehand, our company in full parade bringing up the rear, while our band enlivened the proceedings with music specially selected for the occasion. The town held high revel all the day; and when evening came, instead of finding ourselves without an audience, as we certainly should have done without this staying of the yearly exodus, our trouble in connection with the procession was amply repaid by a crowded house.

One day while at Wigan, the waitress of the hotel where I was staying came up to tell me that a seedy-looking man was below at the door and wished to speak to me; and upon going down, I found him to be a London actor of the name of Dale, whom I knew to have seen much better times than those that appeared to have then fallen upon him. Having first of all seen to the wants of his inner man, I asked him to explain the causes of the miserable plight in which he found himself. (But first let me state that I knew the man through having seen him act a part in the

favourite play of *Richard Coeur-de-Lion*, in which he appeared as the English monarch; while another equally tall and finely built man, N. T. Hicks, a well-known actor, took the part of Saladin. Hicks being a 'powerful' player, was a favourite with the gods; and whenever he appeared, he was invariably recognised by those exalted critics, and saluted with cries of 'Bravo, Hicks!' Hence the sobriquet by which he was afterwards known.) To return, however, to my story. It appeared from Dale's statement that he had started a theatrical booth on his own account, and begun to work the neighbouring colliery districts. But times were bad; colliers were on strike and without money, and the state of the theatrical exchequer was anything but flourishing. In this emergency, the most useful members of his little company began to leave him; the venture was irretrievably ruined; and poor Dale, after honourably paying off his debts, found himself absolutely penniless and friendless. In this emergency he wrote to Mrs Theodore Martin—more widely known to the general public as Miss Helen Faucit—and explained his position to her. By return of post a letter of sympathy was received from the kind-hearted actress, and with it a cheque drawn and signed by her husband. Dale judged that now certainly he was out of his difficulty, and should be able to tide over till he found work. But his troubles were not yet over. Dale tried at various shops and other places to change the cheque; but in vain! His woe-begone appearance told against him, and made people suspicious of the genuineness of the document he held, or of his title to it if genuine. Thus the cheque—Theodore Martin's cheque!—went begging all over the town of Wigan; while as for poor Dale, seedy of garb and feeling hunger's pinch, 'amid profusion still he pined'; until at length he chanced to apply personally to my friend Mr Hallam, who at once sent him round to me. I gave Dale the amount of the cheque; and the poor fellow went on his way, rejoicing at this happy termination of his troubles.

[We take this opportunity of making the *amende honorable* to Mr Richard Chapman whose name was mentioned—in a recent instalment of these *Recollections*—in connection with the large sum at Harrow. The inference was that Mr Chapman was an ignorant and unrefined man, who could not speak correct English, whereas we are assured by one who knows him well that he is a gentleman of education and refinement.—ED.]

MAKING AMENDS.

A WRONG confessed is half redressed may be a sound saying from the wrong-doer's point of view; but the wrong-sufferer is likely to think differently, and decline to accept a bare acknowledgment of indebtedness as equivalent to a fifty per cent. dividend. Much depends upon the manner of confession. It is possible to admit a wrong in such a way as to add to the original offence—a method of making amends often adopted by the too ready writers of the press when victims to their inventiveness claim reparation at their hands.

Not long ago, a South London paper amused its readers by informing them that the officials of the

Southwark County Court had, in expectation of a visit from the newly appointed judge, 'put on clean shirts and had easy shaves.' The gentlemen concerned did not appreciate the pleasantry, and let the editor know it; whereupon he announced that 'the officials did not put on clean shirts nor were they shaved on the day in question,' and expressed the hope that everybody would be satisfied. Strangely enough, the officials of the County Court were not.

A French journalist made no attempt at justification when an irate novelist, known to be as clever with the pistol and the sword as he was with the pen, gave him the choice of apologising for a certain satirical sketch, or meeting the subject of it in the field. Not desiring to permanently vacate the editorial chair, the offender took the alternative; and after disclaiming any intention to annoy the romancist, went on: 'Rest assured, sir, that I will not repeat the offence; for I most solemnly promise you, that never by any chance, or under any circumstances, shall your name appear in my journal.' And yet the aggrieved author was not happy.

American editors are not of an apologetic order; but that they can, if necessity compels, make the *amende honorable* let this specimen shew: 'There is a fly in our office, one particular aggressive fly, distinguished from its brethren by a pertinacity and untiring energy that if properly directed, is enough to make him President. Other flies we can dispose of by whisking a paper at them or putting them out of the window. But this fly we can't manage. We don't like to kill flies. There is something so confiding about them, that it seems like a breach of hospitality to kill them. That fly tumbles into our inkstand, crawls out, and dries his little feet by walking over our paper as we write. The compositor has hard work to decipher our manuscript sometimes. And in this connection we would make a slight correction. In the last number of our paper we called the Hon. Mr — "an unprincipled demagogue;" we should have said "a high-toned patriot." It was all the fault of that fly. The honourable gentleman's brother came into our office this morning with a new and substantial-looking cane, and reminded us of the misprint.'—If this worthy was liable to having his ingenuity much taxed in this way, he would have done well to have imitated an accommodating brother who gave notice: 'If any subscriber finds a line in his paper that he does not like, and cannot agree with; if he will bring his paper to the office and point out the offending line, the editor will take his scissors and cut it out for him.'

The judge, addressed by an apologising counsel with, 'Your lordship is right, and I am wrong, as your lordship generally is,' might reasonably be uncertain whether the learned gentleman was complimenting or disparaging the court; but Mr Commissioner Kerr could have no doubt respecting the sentiments of a witness who persisted in addressing him as 'my lord' and 'your lordship,' and when told he must not do so—'I am not a lord, and you must not call me so'—replied: 'Then, my lord, if your lordship isn't your lordship, your lordship ought to be!'

'Well, soldier,' said Daniel O'Connell to an

officer he was cross-examining. 'I am no soldier; I am an officer,' exclaimed the indignant man. 'Well,' said O'Connell, 'well, officer who are no soldier,' &c.

Captain Bugbie of the United States army was not only an officer but a soldier, and a good one too; notable as a strict disciplinarian, and as notable for his fondness for creature-comforts—a fondness he found great difficulty in indulging when marching through a wild bit of country. One day the column had just left a small hamlet, when the Captain noticed that one of the drums gave forth no sound. He expressed his anger very emphatically, and ordered a lieutenant to go and rate the delinquent well. By-and-by the subaltern returned, and whispered to his superior that the drummer had got a couple of roasted chickens and two bottles of whisky in his drum—one bottle and one chick being for the captain. 'Why didn't the poor fellow let us know his legs had given out?' cried Bugbie. 'I don't want men to march if they're dead-lame. Put him in the ambulance immediately.' The order was obeyed; and having thus made amends for his injustice to the drummer, the Captain took the earliest opportunity of going to examine more particularly into his condition.

A dramatist sitting by a friend at a theatre, contrived to extract a handkerchief from his pocket and transfer it to his own. Presently, a man behind him, tapping him on the shoulder, whispered: 'Beg pardon; here's your purse. Didn't know you belonged to the profession; all right!' at the same time slipping into the amateur's hand the purse he had extracted from his pocket. The story may pass, for although honour among thieves has no existence, it is probable that regular practitioners act on the principle that dog should not eat dog. That they ever go an inch beyond that we do not believe, even though we have it on the authority of the *Gaulois* that Charles Dickens once lost his watch at a theatre in Paris, and found it at his hotel with a note running: 'SIR—I hope you will excuse me; but I thought I was dealing with a Frenchman, and not a countryman. Finding out my mistake, I hasten to repair it by returning herewith the watch I stole from you.—I beg you to receive the homage of my respect, and to believe me, my dear countryman, your humble and obedient servant—A PICKPOCKET.'

If the anecdote be true, we should rather attribute the restoration to the pickpocket's appreciation of his victim's genius, than his consideration for his nationality.

Thieves do occasionally make the best of all amends—full restitution. Even an umbrella has come back to its owner because it 'praid' on the purloiner's conscience. A banjo mysteriously disappeared from the door of a dealer in musical instruments at Eastbourne. Some months afterwards, he received the following unique epistle:

NEW CUT, LONDON.

DEAR SUR—I am taking the liberty of riting to you to tel you as i av sent you the gitar as I borred from your chop in easbun wen i was done ther as I mens to be onest for the tim comin i was ard up wen i tok it and my mats didnet give me mi chare so i left em so i hop you think i am onest cos I sent It bak and i ant dun much wi it

sinc i ad it it is a good wun an i fels sorry as I tok it and i ant got no money to pa carrege so i carnt an i hops as you send the wod case bak as it cost me a shillin and i hops as I av bin onest as you wud send me a shillin if you ples i am very ard hup hand you wunt mis it I paked it in paper an i dont think as it ul be broke and i knos you wud send me a shillin if you wud ples send it to the post office in Chandy St new Cut London and i can cal fur it i ant hyrt the gitar as it as ben in porn al the tim and il never do it agen i mens to be onest in the tim to cum. I remane Yours truly, M. R. wich i hop youl cal me wen you rite.

The banjo, surely enough, arrived in due time.

A well-educated young Irishman filling the post of cashier in a Liverpool house of repute, decamped one fine day with three thousand pounds of his employers' money. Nothing was heard of him for some years, when the firm received a packet by post from the long missing one, containing an order upon a bank for three thousand pounds, and five per cent. interest on that sum, calculated from the day the sender had decamped. The packet also contained an account of his career since. On reaching America he had obtained a situation in a New York dry-goods store, and remained in it till the outbreak of the Civil War. His 'governor' was an enthusiastic Republican, and offered to advance a large sum of money to any of his clerks who volunteered for the army. The Irishman was the first to close with the offer; saw service at Fredericksburg, Seven Oaks, and other hard-fought fields; was with Sherman, under whom he held a subordinate command, in the famous march to the sea; and wound up by marrying the wealthy young widow of a Northern General who fell at Gettysburg; the last exploit enabling him to make amends for the misdeed of his hot youth.

Not quite so genuine was the repentance of an inventor of a tobacco-stick, whatever that may be, who, the *Raleigh News* tells us, was summoned to appear before the brethren and sisters of his church to answer sundry charges of drunkenness. He pleaded guilty; expressed profound penitence, and implored forgiveness in such pathetic tones, that the deeply moved congregation acceded to his prayer with one accord. Then the pardoned one rose to his feet again, and said: 'Brethren! it is seldom I have the opportunity of seeing together so large and intelligent an audience, and I shall take advantage of the occasion to say that my patented tobacco-stick, recently invented by me, is of so superior a model, that everybody is using it; and I would be glad to exhibit a sample one to any brother who wishes to see it in operation.'

Triflers with feminine affections do not always get off cheaply. A young clergyman, wise enough to choose well, but foolish enough to allow himself to be ruled by his friends, after proposing to a young lady, declined to fulfil the engagement; and being sued for breach of promise, was cast in damages—five thousand pounds. This brought him to his senses. Seeking the plaintiff, he owned that he had behaved infamously, but vowed that he had loved her all the while and loved her still, and prayed her to forgive and

forget. 'My friends,' said he, 'can make no objection now; they cannot say you are without a penny, since you have five thousand pounds of your very own.' His pleading proved irresistible, and the lady and money were soon his own again. Marriage made amends for all.

THE AUDIOPHONE.

In our review of Science and Arts in the April part of this *Journal*, we gave a short account of an ingenious American invention called the *audiophone*, by which not only persons hard of hearing were enabled to hear distinctly, but even deaf-mutes were made to hear musical sounds. Since then, we have had numerous inquiries made to us for the name of the makers of these instruments; but this we are as yet unable to give. In a recent number of *Nature*, however, we observe that improvements are being made on the original invention, which will have the effect of both cheapening and simplifying its construction. The audiophone of Mr R. G. Rhodes, of Chicago, the original inventor, consisted, as already described, of a thin sheet of caoutchouc, fixed in an elastic frame, about the size and shape of an ordinary palm-leaf fan, and furnished with a handle. Strings attached to the upper edge served to bend it into a curving form, a small clamp fixing the string at the handle. When thus strained into shape, the instrument is pressed against the upper front teeth by the deaf operator, the convex side being turned outwards. The sounds received upon the thin sheet cause it to vibrate, and the vibrations are thus conveyed through the teeth and bones of the skull to the auditory nerves. Its use is therefore confined to the partially deaf, or at least to those in whom the auditory sense is not entirely absent, or the nerve atrophied. The caoutchouc or ebonite rubber of which Mr Rhodes' instrument was made being costly, a French Professor, M. Colladon, had, as mentioned by us in April, discovered a cheap and efficient substitute in the form of a strip of elastic cardboard. Mr Thomas Fletcher, of Warrington, a most ingenious gentleman, has since effected a still further improvement. After a long series of experiments, he has found the best material of which the audiophone can be made is birch-wood veneer. If cut in an oval about twelve by eight and a half inches, and steamed and bent to a curve, it does not require the cords of the Rhodes' pattern, and is more convenient for use than Colladon's form. Mr Fletcher states that a disk of half the above size suffices for a musician who may, in consequence of partial deafness, require such aid, and who cannot use a hearing-trumpet on account of the inconvenience of holding it while playing his instrument. The disk of veneer is so light that it may be held between the teeth without effort, and almost without consciousness of its presence. If stained black, it is less visible.—We are disposed to think, from the simplicity of Mr Fletcher's instrument and the accessibility of the material used, that those of our readers who may be anxious to test the invention for themselves need have little difficulty in the construction of an audiophone after this pattern.